

The Jealous LOVER's
GARLAND,

Composed with Variety of the best

New Songs.

- I. The jealous Lover; or, The 'Squire's passionate Suit to fair *Cle*.
- II. *Cloe*'s kind answer to her faithful and admiring Lover.
- III. *Cupid*'s Cruelty; or, The young Lady's Grief, who died for the Love of a pretty Butcher.



Licensed and entered according to Order.



The Jealous Lover's GARLAND, &c.



The Jealous Lover.

WHILST I gaz'd on *Cloe* trembling,
 Straight her Eyes my Fate declare;
 When she smiles I fear dissembling,
 When she frowns I then despair:
 Jealous of some rival Lover,
 If a wandering Look she give,
 Fain I would resolve to leave her,
 But can sooner cease to live.

Happy is he whose Inclination,
 Warms but with a gentle Heart,
 Never flies up to a Passion,
 Love's a Torment, if so great:
 But when once the Storm's blown over,
 Then the Ocean quiet grows,
 But a constant faithful Lover,
 Seldom meets with true Repose.

Why should I conceal my Passion,
 Or the Torments I endure?
 I will disclose my Inclination,
 Awful Distance yields no Cure:
 Sure it is not in her Nature,
 To be cruel to her Slave,
 She is too divine a Creature,
 To destroy what she can save.

Whilst

Whilst I unlamented languish,

In the Chains of Love confin'd,
Words cannot express the Anguish,

Of a wounded Heart and Mind:

Pity, pity the Condition

Of a wounded captive Slave,

Cloe is the best Physician,

Who can cure the Wound she gave,

Jealous Fears are still presenting,

To the faithful black Despair,

Causing Sighs and sad Lamenting,

Pleasant Slumbers come not there:

Raptures of confused Order,

Glory, Ruin, Pleasure, Spleen,

Beauty, Triumph, Wilful Murder,

These sad Aspects have I seen.

Farewel Pleasures, Peace and Quiet,

Rivals Causes care and Strife,

Wishes are but slender Diet

For preserving human Life:

Fed with Love that gentle Fire,

Which is kinpled in my Breast,

If you grant not my Desire,

Then I have but little Rest.

Can my *Cloe* be so cruel

As to grieve me with her Frowns,

Grant me Love for Love, sweet Jewel

Pity here my bleeding Wounds:

Which are far beyond expressing,

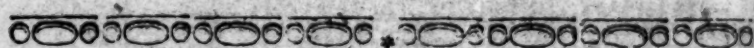
And may yet more grievous grow,

If thou takes from me thy Blessing,

With it take my Life also.

Oh! Oh! all is Transitory,
 But what *Cloe* she can give,
 In her pleasant Charms I glory,
 Would she licence me to live;
 But I fear she has surrender'd,
 To another in my Room,
 What is past cannot be mended,
 Write this Motto on my Tomb.

*Here lies interr'd a 'Squire,
 Low beneath this Marble Stone,
 Who with Passion did expire,
 For the Sake of Love alone:
 Let his Ruin be a Warning,
 To the Race of Woman kind,
 Ladies lay aside your Scorning,
 If true Love for Love you find.*



Cloe's Answer to her faithful and admiring Lover.

WHY are all those Exclamations
 Cast upon the charming Fair,
 Blessed be the the Gift of Patience,
 Which enables me to bear:
 Bitter Saying, sharp and nimble,
 Which in Number are but few;
 First you thought I did dissemble,
 When I cast a Smile on you.

If you are a faithful Lover,
 And would gain my Favours find,
 Wherefore did you not discover,
 Unto me your Heart and Mind:

There.

Thereby help to choke the Fuel
 Which did inward Sorrows breed,
 I was neither coy nor cruel,
 Spare to speak. and not to speed.

Labour to command your Reason,
 That you may have quiet Dreams,
 All Things have their Time and Season,
 Have a Care of vast Extreame:
 Ne'er admire out of Measure.
 Take my Council, Sir, said she,
 Love or leave me, use your Pleasure,
 It is all a Case to me.

Here you talk of frightful Slumbers,
 Sorrows mix'd with fond Delight,
 These are Visions which encumber
 Lovers in the silent Night.

Yielding many slender Glances,
 Of the Joys they would possess,
 But there's many fatal Chances,
 Which may blast their Happiness.

Chear up both thy Heart and Spirit,
 Cloe, she wou'd have thee live;
 For thy sweet Behaviour merits
 Ten times more than I can give.

Take Possession of my Bower,
 Where no Man shall thee annoy,
 All that is within my Power,
 Thou art welcome to enjoy.

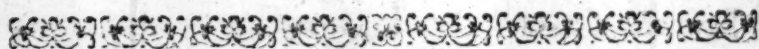
We'll no longer live at Variance,
 Come my well-beloved Swain,
 Thou shalt find by true Experience,
 That thou hast not wish'd in vain:

For

Love hath made a deep Impression,
 On this yielding Heart of minne;
 Come and take a full Possession,
 All that e'er I have is thine.

Honour, Riches, Youth, and Beauty,
 On my Dearest I'll bestow,
 Being bound in Ties of Duty,
 Love has said it must be so:
 There is none alive can hinder
 Thee of thy beloved Prize,
 Take me, take me, I surrender
 Both my Heart and Hand likewise.

There shall be no need of writing.
 Any Motto on thy Tomb,
 Of my dearest *Cloe* slighting,
 Thee, my dearest Jewel, whom
 Above all other I do admire,
 For thy faithful Constancy,
 With my loyal hearted 'Squire,
 I resolve to live and die



*Cupid's Cruelty; or, The young Lady's Grief, who
 died for the Love of a pretty Butcher.*

THERE was a Lady fine and gay,
 Unto the Market took her Way;
 And for some Meat she went to buy,
 And on a Butcher cast her Eye.

He

She fell in Love with a Butcher strait,
 And on him she'd for ever wait:
 She loved him dear and tenderly,
 And a Butcher's Wife she fain wou'd be.

She presently fell to the Ground,
 'Twas for the Butcher she did swoon:
 But when she came unto herself,
 She from the Butcher craved help.

I cannot help you, Lady gay,
 For I am promis'd another Way;
 Because I have a Sweet-heart by,
 And I do love her tenderly.

She has made many Oaths and Vows to me,
 And so have I as well as she;
 And the Heavens above will curse me here.
 If ever I do wrong my Dear.

She went Home immediately,
 And sick upon her Bed did lie,
 And all the Words that she did say,
 'Twas the Butcher that stole her Heart away.

'The Butcher had a pretty Face,
 And an Eye as black as any Sloe;
 And he has a pretty Head of Hair,
 That there's few him can compare.

His Stockings are as white as Milk,
 And his Shoes they are as black as Jet;
 Besides his Silver Buckles too,
 'Twas the Butcher has made my Heart to rue.
 He

He has a Steel hangs by his Side,
Whereon he doth whet his Knife,
And a Silver Handle too,
Which has wounded me, what shall I do?

In six Nights Time as I do hear,
She to the Butcher did appear:
And to him she did reply,
It was for you that I did die.

The Butcher seeing a Light therefore,
Which was more then e'er he saw before;
He being awake immediately,
He to the Spirit did reply:

What do you here, dear Madam, pray,
Thus for to haunt me! he did say,
Said she, I have two hundred Pounds in Gold,
Which in a Bag you may behold.

And both of them I will bestow
Upon the Butcher, she said so;
For to maintain your Dear and you,
Therefore to her continue true.

Now good Night, I'll bid you adieu,
I never more will trouble you;
For now I am in an innocent State,
Which will be all true Lovers Fate.

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